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Judge

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AND IT SPELLS "TAFT"!

"THEY ARE LIGHTING THE FIRES IN THE MILLS AGAIN."—*DAILY PAPER.*

Judge

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SUNDAY SUPPLEMENTS.

JUST A short time ago the American Playground Congress, which has been holding sessions in New York, listened to a spirited attack upon the comic sections of Sunday newspapers. The speaker claimed that these hectic productions place undue emphasis on deceit, cunning, and disrespect for gray hairs. "The comic supplement of the Sunday newspaper," the speaker went on to charge specifically, "is lowering the standard of literary appreciation and debasing the morals of the children of this country. It teaches children to laugh when boys throw water from an upper window upon an apple woman, or outwit an old and infirm man. Humor has its place in the literature of childhood, and it would be well if gifted writers for children could be found capable of substituting genuine fun for the coarse, vulgar type now so common."

We recall an ancient anecdote of a somewhat inebriated gentleman who entered his bedroom in the dark and picked up what he thought was a sheet of those old-fashioned sulphur matches that come in card form. After breaking off one after another, and unsuccessfully trying for a light, he discovered that it was his wife's side-comb which he held in his hand. "There's more tooth than friction to that" was his disgusted comment. There is a vast quantity of truth in the criticism we have quoted above and we would dwell upon the matter more at length if our friends were not likely to charge a certain prejudice on our part. We don't like the Sunday supplements; we admit a certain rivalry, but we do believe that the comic paper, pure and simple, upholds the standard of American humor, where other influences attempt to degrade it. But even in saying this much readers will charge that friction rather than truth inspires us.

. . .

WATCH OUT, FISHERMEN!

THE BOARD of aldermen in New York City are planning at last to place some limit upon the height of office buildings. The aldermen love to deal with large problems in an offhand fashion, as though to prove themselves specialists in every branch of economic research. But this entrance into the field of public morals is of doubtful expediency. They may prevent by law women smoking in public, and they may attempt to reduce unnecessary noise, but it is doubtful whether they can control the production of tall stories.

FEATHERING HIS OWN NEST.

ILLUSTRATED FINANCIAL TERM.
Floating a Loan.

A SAILOR MAID.

THERE was in the State of Ohiar
A maiden named Helen Mariar,
Who ever would sail
Down a banister rail,
When she thought there was nobody nigh her.

Now her brother, whose name was Josiar,
Fixed the rail with a piece of barbed wiar—!!??**
But it wouldn't be best
To tell you the rest,
For I'm blushing already like fiar!

WILL PRENTIS.

OUGHT TO BE ENTERED IN THE OLYMPIAD.

Prospective buyer—"The car I buy must have an established record for velocity."

Dealer—"My dear sir, you have only to read the statistics in the coroner's office to learn that our car holds the world's record for the body throw one hundred and twenty-seven feet; and even that superb record would have been better by at least fifteen feet if the man's body hadn't unfortunately hit a telegraph pole!"

SHADES AND TINTS.

"I hear there was quite a light colored vote polled in your district, colonel?"

"A light colo'ed vote? It was mo' than light colo'ed, suh; it was white—pe'fectly white."

THE LIMIT.

I'VE a strong imagination—that's a fact I can't deny;
And I keep it working always in a fashion rather spry.
In my dreams or waking hours it is going all the time,
And my fancies I embody both in paragraph and rhyme.
I can fancy things peculiar of the folks of either sex,
But I can't imagine Teddy as an ex.

In my fancy I can take the form of Mistress Liberty,
As she stands there in the harbor looking outward to the sea,
And imagine her appearance if we painted her bright red
And propelled her down the Bump-the-Bumps a-standing on her head.
But, alas! my vaunted fancy comes a-crashing to the decks
When I try to think of Teddy as an ex.

I can see fair Carrie Nation in the presidential chair.
I can hear her axe resounding as it hurtles through the air.
I can see old Billie Bryan sitting silently and glum—
I can even see B. Bryan struck perpetually dumb;
But there's one rock that my fancy most completely splits and wrecks—
No; I can't imagine Teddy as an ex.

I can see Tom Platt resigning; I can hear Fairbanks rejoice
That Bill Taft has won the laurel as his party's surest choice.
I can see the Duke of Nitzki earning fifty cents a day—
I can hear his boss observing that he really earns his pay.
I can see a bank delighted for to honor all my checks—
But I can't imagine Teddy as an ex.

WILBERFORCE JENKINS.

CHOSE THE LESSER EVIL.

His fiancee—"Why did you not come last night to marry me, as you promised?"
Mr. Snaileater—"Ah, dearest, I had to fight a duel?"
His fiancee—"Coward!"

A SELF-MADE WOMAN.

Oliver (irritably)—"That woman would differ from the Lord himself."

Olivia—"She has already done so."

Oliver—"In what way?"

Olivia—"On a matter of form."

WELL TRAINED.

Briggs—"How are the mosquitoes in your neighborhood?"

Griggs—"In splendid condition, thank you."

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JUDGE'S FAVORITES.
"THE FOUR COHANS" IN "THE YANKEE PRINCE."
Even Burbank, Western wizard,
Never even hoped to see,
In his dreams from *a* to *izzard*,
Four such peaches on one tree.

THE EDITOR AND WHITE PAPER.

THE Managing Editor of a Metropolitan Newspaper, price one cent, was submerged in thought. He was confronting a condition, not a theory, and he was chock up against it.

He was a very Superior Managing Editor, drawing an Immense Salary, and it was up to him to make Good. This he had done Nobly by the introduction of the latest Improvements in News-getting, Labor-increasing Devices for Reporters, New and Novel Designs for Sunday Editors, and the thousand and one other Methods known only to Very Superior Managing Editors. The result of his devotion to Duty showed in a largely augmented Circulation. Indeed, he did not hesitate to announce in Vociferous, Vermilion type that his was the LARGEST CIRCULATION in the City. That his Obscure Contemporaries made similar statements did not disturb him One Whit. They were mere Imitators. That was all.

Consequent upon the Increased Circulation of the paper, Prices of Advertising were Advanced to the Limit, as was Perfectly Legitimate and Customary. This was done by the Business Office, which has no Visible Connection with the Editorial Office, and the Managing Editor had not been apprised of it. Nor did he care to be. Business was none of his business.

The Managing Editor continued his Efforts with Fervent Zeal, and the Circulation continued to increase. But the Advertisers would not Stand For an Increase of Rates. They were willing to play the Limit, but they did not wish the Roof to be raised to accommodate it.

At or about this stage of affairs came the Opportunity of the Managing Editor's Life. He had learned, as only Superior Managing Editors can learn, of a SCOOP of such Tremendous Import that its Virtues would last not for a Day only, but for Weeks and Weeks, adding New Readers every day. It would cost $5,000, spot cash, to secure it, with the necessary incidental expenses. The Managing Editor had full authority over incidentals, but he must go Higher Up for a Large Wad; so he called a meeting of the General Council, including the Business Manager, that Commercial-minded person who is ordinarily kept Down Stairs somewhere out of the Lime-light.

The Managing Editor stated his Case in Glowing Language, and the Editorial End of the Council exploded with Enthusiasm. It was the Grandest that ever happened, and they turned Admiring Eyes upon the Superior Managing Editor, who blushed with Modest Pride.

Next came the Business Manager. He had a Hook up his sleeve.

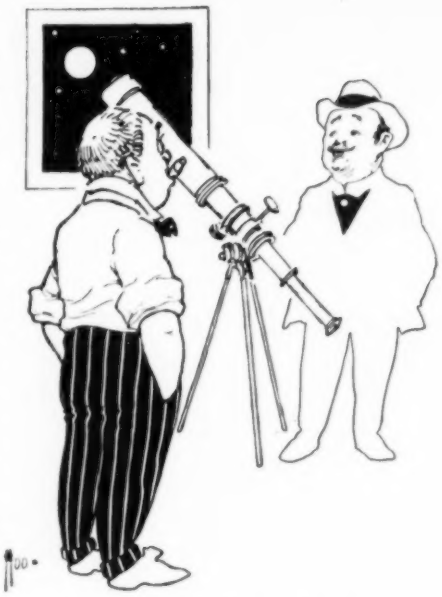
"You say," he said in Hard, Unfeeling tones, "that this proposition will increase our Circulation by about 50,000?"

"At a Moderate Estimate," replied the Managing Editor, whistling, as it were, to keep his courage up. "I would not be at all surprised if it did not hit the hundred-thousand mark."

"Very well," continued the Business Manager with steely coldness; "let us split the difference and call it 75,000. Our present circulation is 150,000. With white paper costing what it now does, we are losing money on every paper we sell. If you increase our circulation fifty per cent., you increase our losses fifty per cent., not to mention the $5,000 you ask for to effect the additional loss. That's all I have to say," he concluded, rising from the Council table; "and you may look over the books at any time to verify it."

The Council, with Dampened Ardor, dissolved, and the Managing Editor returned to his chair, where he became submerged in Thought, as elsewhere noted. And the Condition confronting him was This: If he did not Earn his Salary by supplying readers with the Stuff which would Increase the Circulation, he would lose his job; and if he Increased the Circulation the Paper would Lose the Money out of which his Salary was paid, thus letting him in Bad. Now how was he to Escape the Business Manager's Hook?

W. J. LAMPTON.



ONE OPTIMIST, AT LEAST.
"How's business?"
"Oh, looking up."

REASONABLE.

Little girl—"Say, mamma, ain't I made of dust?"

Mother—"Yes, dear."

Little girl—"Well, why don't I get muddy when I drink?"

AN OLD TIMER.

A SHIP OF THE DESERT HEAVING TWO.

IT IS a curious fact that when a man makes a spectacle of himself he seldom realizes that everybody can see through him.

OLD SLEUTH UP TO DATE.

RIGHT at the mouth of the tunnel our hero lay, tightly bound across the track. A few yards up the hillside was his sweetheart, lashed to a tree. Near by stood the villain Tarbox, arms folded, a diabolical grin on his face, as he invited the helpless girl to see the destruction of her lover. What could save him? Already there echoed from the tunnel the roar of the express train as it thundered down the mountain slope toward its victim.

"Keep up your courage, dear," said the doomed man calmly. "Providence will yet provide an escape from that scoundrel's toils, never fear."

. . .

"Let's see," murmured the great author abstractedly, as he paused a moment in his dictation. "How's she going to get him out of that fix? She can't rush wildly into the tunnel and flag the train with a sulphur match, because she's tied. She can't influence the villain, because his is a heart of stone. The engineer couldn't hear her piercing shriek, because the train is in a tunnel. Her faithful hound couldn't untie him. She—— Oh, I have it! Of course," and he resumed his dictation.

. . .

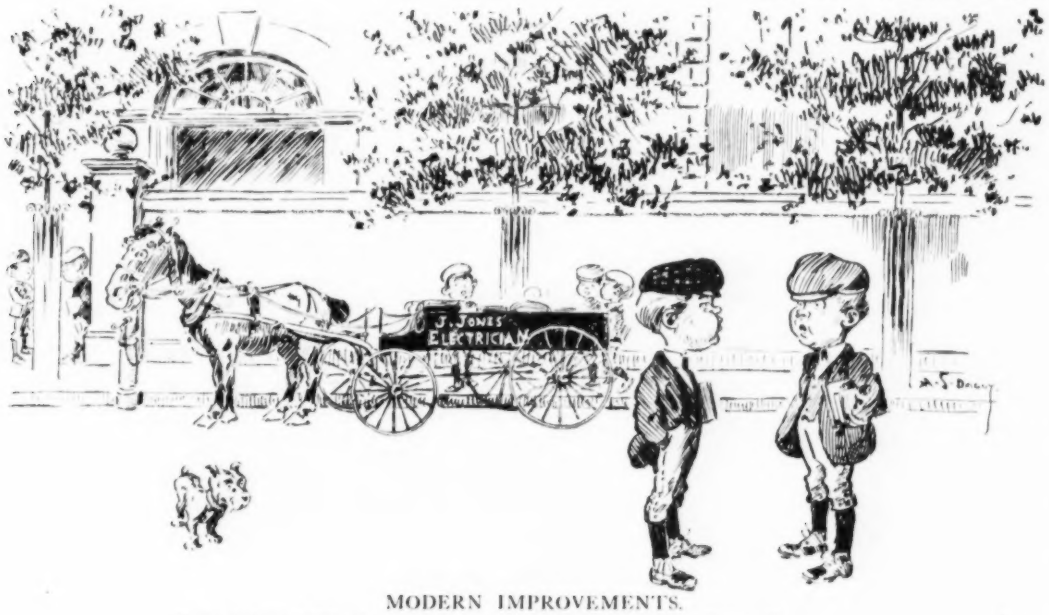
Just as the headlight of the approaching train twinkled into view far up the subterranean passage, a sudden, fierce gust of wind blew down the mountain, struck our heroine's hat, which had been leaning against a tree, and trundled it across the open space into the cavernous mouth of the tunnel. A moment later was heard a long, harsh, grating screech, and the locomotive, its wheels tangled and locked in the mammoth ruins of the hat, came to a standstill with its cow-catcher just touching our hero's hair. Men descended from the cab and released him and the girl, while the wretch Tarbox dashed away into the night, shaking his clenched fists in bitter anger at the sky.

"Thank God!" gasped our heroine wildly, as she sank fainting into her lover's arms. "Thank God that I wore my Merry Widow instead of the usual wild rose!"

GORTON CARRUTH.

TOO MUCH PLEASURE.

Tall man—"Why, Judkins, old man, I *am* pleased to see you! I"——
Short man—"What! broke again?"



MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

First scholar—"What's the 'lectrician doin' over at the schoolhouse?"
Second scholar—"Puttin' in a 'lectric switch."
First scholar—"Gee mully! If they's goin' ter do the lickin' by 'lectricity I quit."

ON THE LATEST HIPLESS SHAPE.

WE don't wish to insinuate
They were not real before;
But where, oh, where, are the hips that we
Don't notice any more?

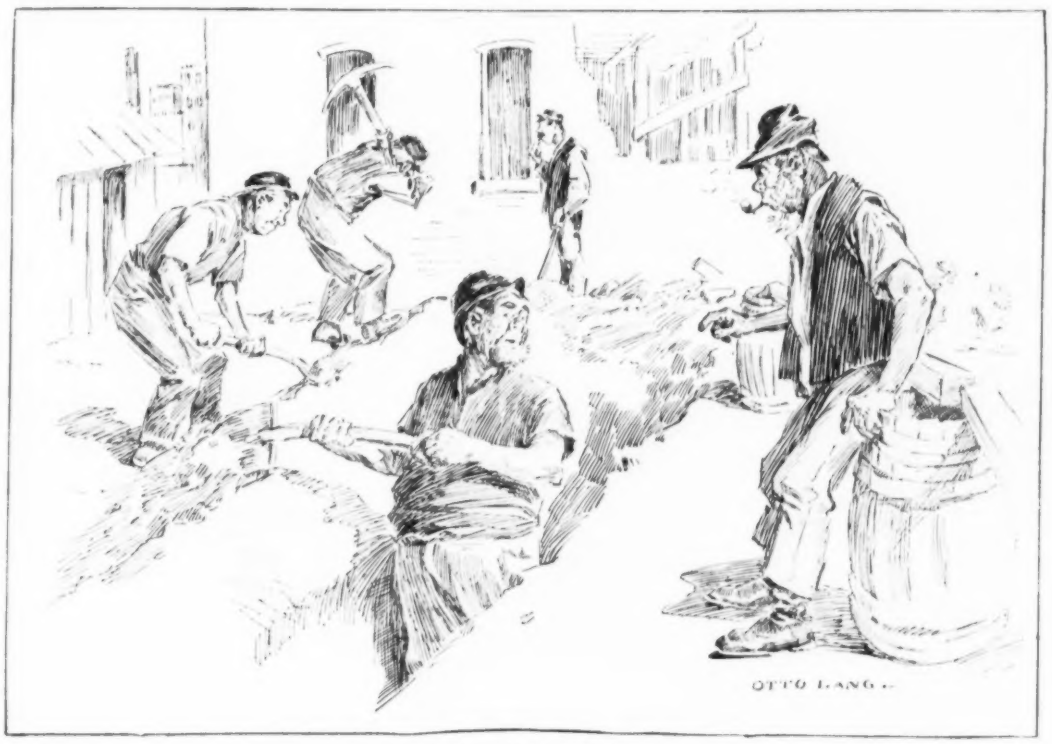
AT THE BUNGALOW.

Mr. Parvenne—"Rachel, dell Rebecca to sing somet'ings less doleful."

Mrs. Parvenne—"Dot isn't Rebecca; dot's de fog-horn."

"YOUNG man, you rescued my wife from the water."

"I beg pardon, sir. I thought she was your daughter."



A CURIOUS FACT.

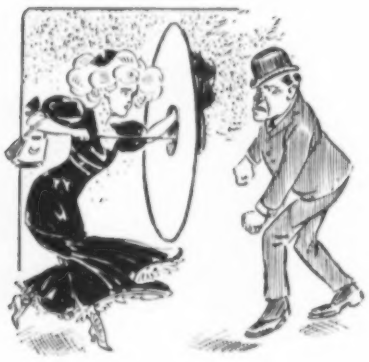
"Tim Murphy 's a loafer. He quits th' job ivery fifteen minutes an' shtays away an hour."

THE HAT JUSTIFIED.

1.
Ha!

2.
Discovered!

3.
Foiled!



4.
On guard.

5.
Have at thee, villain!

6.
So perish all caitiffs!

OBSERVANT.

A SMALL boy, walking out with his mother, noticed a colored woman carrying a baby and said,

"Mother, if that woman is bringing her baby up on a bottle it must be an ink-bottle."

A GREAT CARE.

Celia—"Her hair turned perfectly white in one night from trouble."

Delia—"Really? What was the nature of the trouble?"

Celia—"Chemical."

THE WONDERFUL POWER OF SUGGESTION.

Howard—"Did you ever know any one who was cured by suggestion?"

Coward—"Yes. I cured the duke's infatuation for my daughter by suggesting that he lend me five dollars."

NEWS ITEM A tug captain of Dum has walked with a limp ever since he heard of the corn on one of his tows.

"DA'T AM YO' BRIDAL VEIL, HONEY."

WHY HE WAS BAD.

WHEN I was a lad I wasn't so bad
But what I could have been worse;
But if I'd been good the dear public would
Just now be deprived of this verse.

You savey by this—good children we miss—
They all kick the bucket, I'm told;
But I as a kid did just as I did
Because I desired to grow old.

I couldn't just see what good 'twas to me
To turn up my toes to the sod,
So I did, it is true, what most all bad boys do
If they don't want to hustle to God.

I sassed my dear ma and I cussed dear papa
And I punched sister Jane in the eye;
I made of my teacher a principal feature
In keeping me out of the sky.

I fastened tin pails to the yaller purps' tails
And chased the old rooster about;
I chucked stones at the cat, but I only did that
In order that wings should not sprout.

I made faces at girls and I pulled all their curls
And I boxed baby Sis on the ear;
I did all my lying to keep me from dying
And that's how I come to be here.

L. S. WATERHOUSE.

HELPFUL HINTS.

(Written in an insincere but explainable desire to help the young who do not know anything and the old who know less.)

I WOULD rather be able to make people appreciate things they ain't got than sell them things that they don't appreciate. In fact, it is very much easier to sell them things that they think they appreciate.

It takes genius to let your hair grow and yet make plain people believe you are sensible. There are only two of us—Buffalo Bill and myself; and I don't think so very much of Buffalo Bill.

The most comfortable way to economize is to travel with a good spender.

You can't fool all of the people all of the time, but you don't need to, to make a good thing of it.

Don't make fun of religion unless you are sure of your audience.

Be good to people, and you will find them easier to work.

A wise fake goes a long way.

Anything is a thought that gets printed.

BAH HELBERTUS.

THE COURTEOUS RED MAN.

Reginald Percy—"I'm chawmed, don'tcher know! Always hoped to meet a real live Indian. I've only seen dummy ones in England, do y' see?"
Whiskered Ike (interpreting)—"Big Chief Pie Face sez he's still hopin' ter meet a real, whole Englishman. He sez he's only seed dummy ones so fur."

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS FROM THE BINGVILLE *BANG*.

ON OUR way home last evening we met a fellow-townsman—whose name we will refrain from mentioning, although he owes for three years' back subscription to our paper—attempting with considerable success to walk on both sides of the street at the same time. By a very clever manœuvre, of which we are justly proud, we succeeded in passing between him.

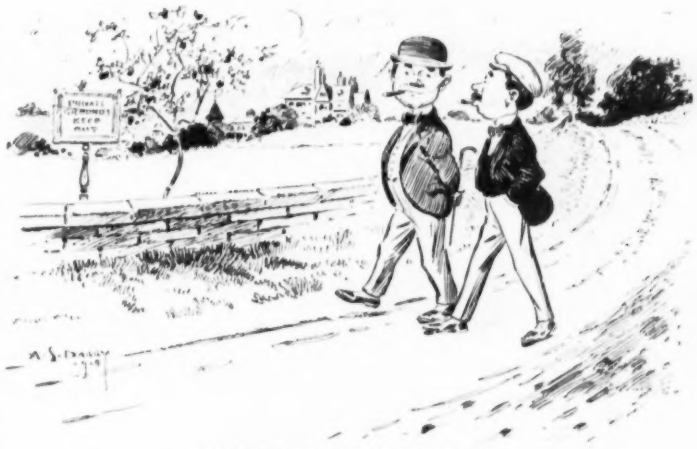
We are happy to say that old John Spriggins, who enjoys poor health, is complaining of feeling better.

Many will be grieved to learn that John C. Riley, Esq., the eminent member of the county bar, was murdered in his bed last night by robbers looking for his money. Fortunately, however, he had deposited all his funds in bank the day before, and so lost nothing but his life.

Our illustrious contemporary of the Podunk Valley *Tribune* has a long article in his paper anent the breeding of hogs. They may stand for this sort of thing over in Podunk Valley, but, as for ourselves, we wouldn't think of intruding our family matters on the population around here.

It is against the policy of this paper to tell names and tales at the same time, but we think it is no secret that old Sam Johnson is in need of a new cigar, and if he will call at this office we will gladly make the presentation. It has been forty years now since he purchased the one he now smokes. Every frosty day he swaggers down the street with that cigar at a jaunty angle in the corner of his mouth, blowing rings with his breath.

S. W. BUNTING.



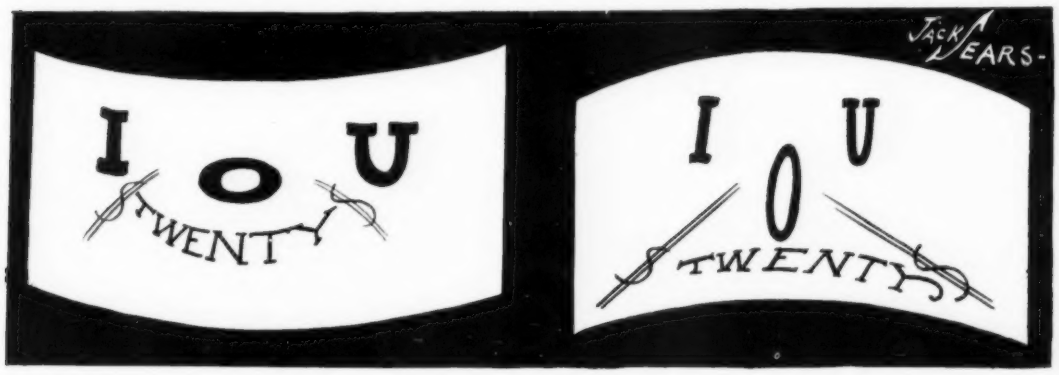
OUGHT TO BE DUG OUT.

Blank—"They say there's a lot of money in farming nowadays."
Blink—"Ought to be, the way these rich city fellows are dropping money into it."

LITERAL.

"DID you take your shoes to that place with the sign, 'Shoes Repaired While You Wait'?"

"Yes. They repaired six while I waited, and told me to call in three days for mine."



INANIMATE EXPRESSIONS.

When your friend asks you for a twenty. When you ask him for the return of the twenty.

JOY TO COME.

Mrs. Green—"You have never taken me to the cemetery."

Mr. Green—"No, my dear. I still have that pleasure in anticipation."

UNPROFITABLE.

Kind old lady—"Why, my dear little boy, what is the use of crying like that?"

Little boy—"'Tain't no use. I've been cryin' like this all mornin' an' nobody ain't give me a penny yit."

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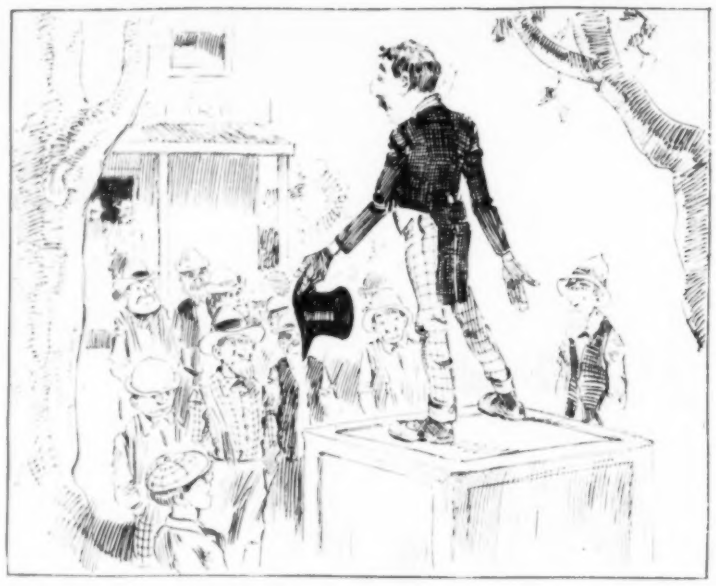
AN IMITATION MAY FOOL A JACKA

A JACKASS, BUT NOT AN ELEPHANT.

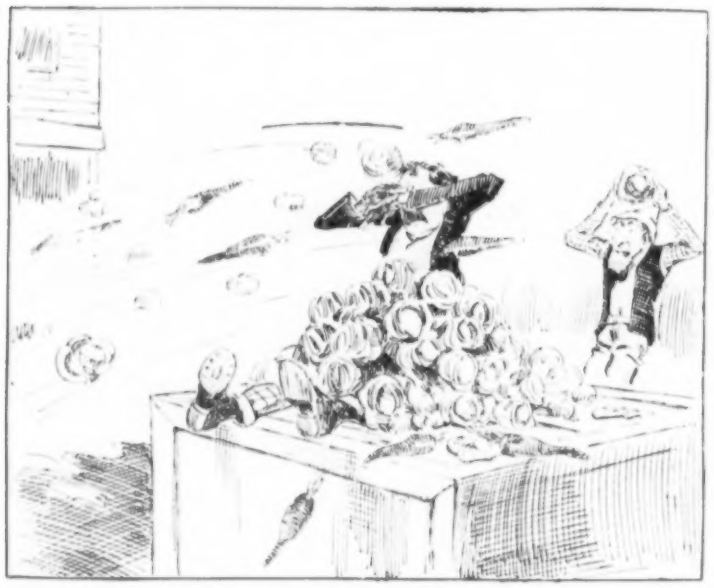
1. *Nervy Nat*—"Gee! but this is a lonesome town. 'Tis almost as silent as Philadelphia, and the inhabitants all wear whiskers. I must put some life into this graveyard. I have it! I'll take the stump for Bryan. Everything is so dead, it must be a Democratic camp."



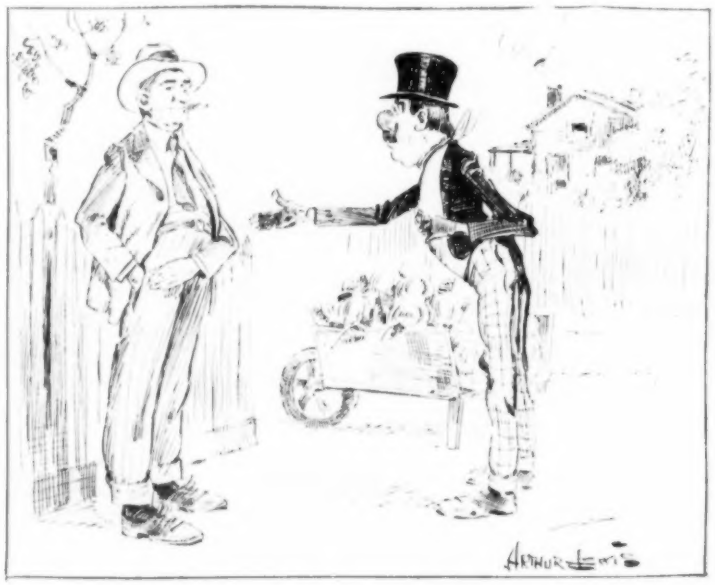
2. *Nervy Nat*—"Nay, Rubes; I am not here to-day to sell you horse liniment at one dollar a bot.—I have something finer to hand out to you that will cost you nothing. I came to talk of those sterling standard-bearers, William J. Bryan and Whiskers Kern."

3. *Nervy Nat*—"What's this? They must have misconstrued my remarks. Those certainly were carrots that just grazed my block, not roses. I must try another tack."

4. *Nervy Nat*—"Suffering Democracy! Here, you bewhiskered yokels! I asked not for campaign contributions. Just look at them come! Some one must be working a gatling gun loaded with garden truck. Quit it!"



5. *Nervy Nat*—"Well, it served me right—I struck the wrong key. But I'll gamble all the vegetables in this county are doing duty this day. The next 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' company that comes along will get away easy."



6. *Summer boarder*—"I'll give you a two-dollar bill for your load of vegetables, cap. It will save me the trouble of a trip to the village."

Nervy Nat—"It grieves me to part with them, my friend, as they were given to me by admiring friends; but I need the two-spot. Hurry, before you change your mind."

NO. 60—NERVY NAT TAKES THE STUMP.

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NOTE.—The First Series of Nervy Nat's Adventures is now ready, handsomely bound in book form. Price, 75 cents; 10 cents additional for postage when ordered by mail. Address JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A SUGGESTED COMPROMISE.

At a convivial party recently a gentleman who had returned from a lengthened tour in the East was relating some of the wonderful things he had seen on his travels.

The yarns he spun were decidedly "steep," but the guests politely accepted his statements as true.

Encouraged by the reception accorded to his tallest stories, he ventured to state that he had seen at the foot of the Himalayas a tiger forty feet long from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. This was too much, and everybody kept silence, until a gentleman from Oban dryly remarked,

"Oh, yes; the works o' nature are very wonderful and very large whatever. Just last week I saw a skate brought ashore at Oban which covered a quarter of an acre of ground!"

Nobody spoke, and amid the silence the Eastern traveler left the room. The host, perceiving that something was amiss, rose and followed him.

"Is there anything wrong?" he asked.

"I have been insulted," said the traveler. "That Scotch gentleman has dealt a blow at my veracity, and I cannot return until he apologizes."

Anxious that harmony should prevail among his guests, the host returned to the room and, explaining matters to the company, asked the Highlander to make an apology, if merely for form's sake.

"Weel," said he, "I'll no' just apologize; but tell him to come back and take a few feet off the teegur, and we'll see what can be done wi' the skate."—*Tit-Bits.*

To half a grape fruit add a teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters, and sugar to suit the taste. It's the ideal way to serve this delicious fruit.

SUITS HUB.

Her gowns are all expensive, mind;
But hubby doesn't grunt.
She has the craft to get the kind
That
button
in
the
front.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

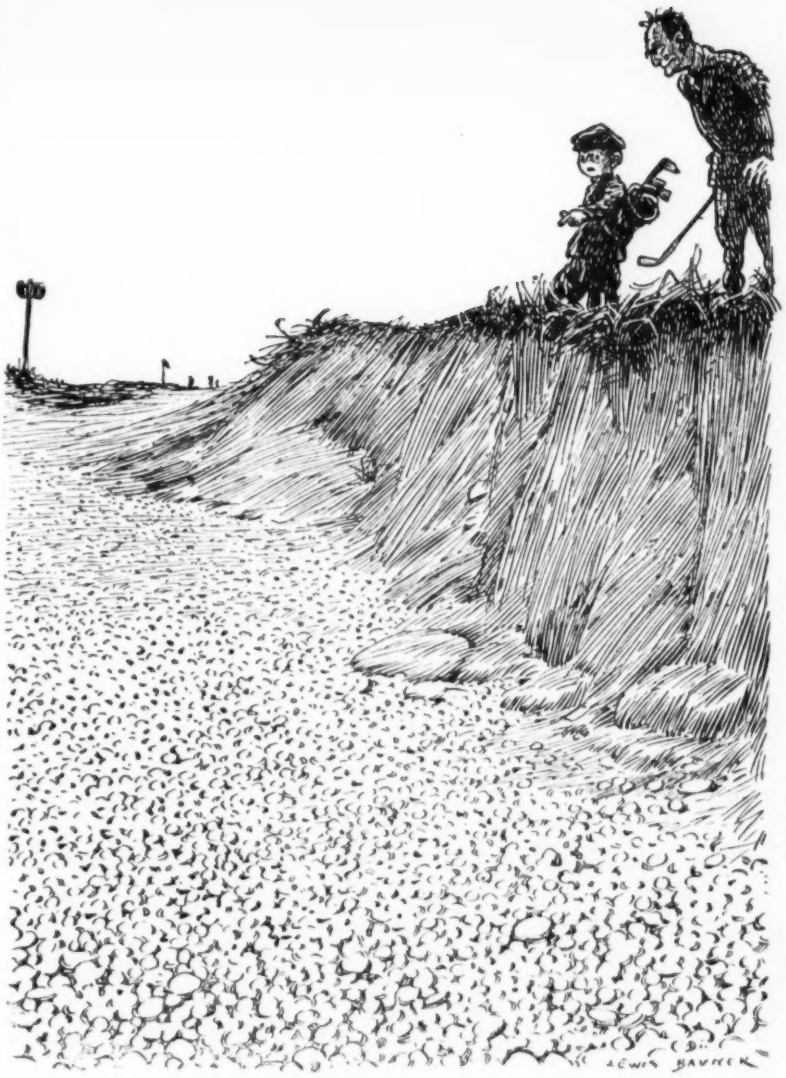
UNFAMILIAR NAMES.

"I suppose," said the sad-eyed youth at the musical, "you know the difference between bel canto and coloratura?"

"Young man," answered Mr. Cumrox severely, "I never bet on race horses."—*Washington Star.*

Policeman—"Heavy downpour this morning."

Milkman (who has left the lid off his milk can)—"Yes; but it's badly needed. We could do with a lot more to do any good."—*London Opinion.*



THE MISSING BALL.

"Did you mark it, boy?"
"Ay!"
"Where is it?"
"On this yer beach!"—*Punch.*

SAME IN THE END.

"When you feel any temptations comin' along," said the friend and adviser, "you mus' say, 'Get thee behin' me, Satan.'"

"Da's what I done said," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley; "an' den I 'magines I hyuhs Satan answer me back, 'Da's all right. We's both gwine de same way, an' it don' make no difference to me nohow which leads de puhcession.'"—*Washington Star.*

OH, THESE REPORTERS.

"What were your impressions of Atlantic City?" asked the reporter.

"I do not understand how that could interest the public," replied the titled alien.

"Why," explained the reporter, "you're a peer, and in this peerless country if a peer appear at a pier and peer, of course we'd like to know how it struck him."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

DIFFERING CUSTOMS.

Jack—"In the Oriental world a girl never sees her intended husband until she is married to him."

Flossy—"How odd! In this part of the world she seldom sees him afterward."—*Ally Sloper's.*

The street-car conductor was about to sit down to breakfast, when a messenger boy brought him a telegram announcing that a rich relative had died and that he was the sole heir.

"Easy Street!" shouted the conductor, reaching up for an imaginary bell rope.—*Chicago Tribune.*

When a man gets too heavy to conceal his weight, he starts in boasting about it.—*Florida Times-Union.*

LOOKING AHEAD?

If so, take advantage of today's **opportunities** for the merchant, farmer, fruit grower and business man along the **Pacific Coast** Extension of the **Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway**

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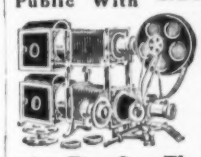

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By E. V. Cory.

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THE
UNREQUITED LOVE

They say the
Baby's clinging love
Is likened best
To heaven above.

Of heaven's delights
I have a doubt;
I'd say, off-hand,
To cut it out.

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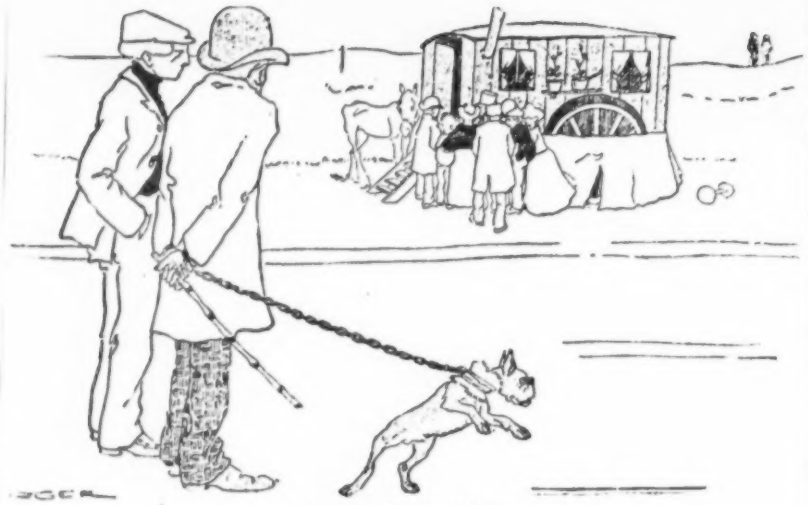

SARCASM OF FATE.

"What's the matter over there?"
"The sword swallower is being choked by a fishbone."
—*Sourire.*

AN INTERFERING NEIGHBOR.

It was a particularly hot summer in the city, and the Russell Avenue district was a particularly hot district. For the most part it was a region of lodging houses, and in windows and doors appeared, in one form or another, the familiar sign, "Rooms To Let."

Mr. Morgan, whose dwelling was at the farther end of this region, dropped into his chair one stifling late afternoon, and mopping his forehead, said to his wife, "Well, I've made her mad now."

"Who's mad?" asked his spouse. "Please explain yourself."

"I don't know her name," answered Mr. Morgan. "It's the woman the lady who keeps a boarding house on the corner of the avenue and Hammond Street. I have to go by there four times a day, you know, and I just couldn't stand it any longer, so I rang the bell. She came. I told her what I wanted in as few words as I knew how, and then got out."

"Well, you haven't given me the slightest idea of what it's all about," said his wife.

"That's so; guess I haven't," he admitted. "It is so hot. Why, that sign in her window. I've seen it so often. It's so hot."

Again he paused.

"I'm waiting," stated his wife patiently.

"Oh!" He roused himself. "Yes. It's so hot, and I guess I made her pretty mad. Why, the sign read, 'Sunny Rooms. Steam Heat and Continuous Hot Water'!"

He mopped his perspiring forehead again.

"My, but she was mad when I asked her to change it! Guess I shall have to go to the office another way after this."
—*Youth's Companion.*

UP TO DATE.

Wilmot—"De Auber is what might be termed a modern artist, isn't he?"

Criticus—"Yes; but he carries modernism to extremes. Why, he recently painted a portrait of Father Time pushing a lawn mower instead of carrying the conventional scythe."—*Chicago News.*

REPROVED.

Irate overseer (to discharged hand, again at work)—"Here, I say! What the blazes are you doing here? I gave you the sack yesterday!"

Battered person—"Yes, I know you did. And don't you do it never no more. My missus went on something awful when she heard!"—*Punch.*

GOOD FOR PHILADELPHIA.

"I see," said Mrs. Starvem, "that a certain scientist claims we'll soon get a palatable food from wood"——

"Well," growled the cranky boarder, "it seems impossible to get it out of board."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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PROPERLY DEFINED.

"That orator says he feels that he can never repay his constituents for the honor they have conferred on him."

"Yes," answered the voter; "that's his polite way of telling us we needn't expect much from him in the way of actual work."—*Washington Star.*

LOOKED REASONABLE.

Sandy Pikes—"How did you ever get up de nerve to go into dat swell hotel all scratched up and faded de way you are?"

Gritty George—"Sh! I told dem I was a swell guy just back from my summer vacation."—*Chicago News.*

A JUNGFRAU IDYL.

"If I threw myself from this precipice what would become of you?"
"I should go crazy."
"Would you marry again?"
"Oh, no; I should not go as crazy as that."
—*Le Rire.*

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"YOURS TRULY."
By James Montgomery Flagg.
One Dollar.
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Trade supplied by the Anderson Publishing Company, 801 Third Avenue, New York.

William Penn

AMONG all the builders of this Nation none deserve more lasting gratitude than this stout old Quaker Champion.

Irish and English prisons could not conquer his spirit, and from a cell in the tower of London he conceived the idea of founding beyond the seas a state wherein Brotherly Love—Peace On Earth and Personal Liberty might become living facts. Thus Pennsylvania was founded.

When colonial governor he introduced vine-growing and brewing and at Pennbury Manor he had a brew house.*

Above middle height—well built and agile—William Penn in his early days was an expert swordsman, a courageous soldier, and a splendid athlete.

He died at 74, and the results of his life's doings bear eloquent witness that the moderate use of a good malt beer helps to create the noblest qualities of mind and soul.

His statue stands in Philadelphia, 547 feet high—for all the world to see.

---

*National Magazine of History—XVI, page 154.
The True William Penn, page 353.
Dictionary of National Biography—Vol. XLIV.
Eddy's Alcohol in History, pages 181, 191, 193, 203, etc., etc.

LUPULIN has created a stir in the medical world because of its great Tonic properties for stomach disorders. It is found in the highest and most effective form in Saazer Hops, grown in the Province of Saaz, Bohemia.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, St. Louis, U. S. A., import more of these hops than all other brewers in the United States, and use them exclusively in their famous

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWERY

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Corked or with Crown Caps

For Sale at

All Hotels, Clubs and Bars

THIS SALOME EPIDEMIC.

It would be the greatest mistake to imagine that this kind of thing was not all the rage in primeval times.—*Punch.*

THE INTERRUPTED JOURNEY.

MR. JONES, NEW YORK, TO MRS. JONES, CHICAGO.

New York, September 1st, 1907.

STARTING for Chicago to-morrow by the "Flier."
How I am progressing, will let you know by wire.

Philadelphia, September 2d.

In an awful smash-up; break news to ma and Peg.
On the way to hospital; only lost a *leg.*

Harrisburg, October 1st.

In another accident. Please feel no alarm;
Injuries are trifling—only lost an *arm.*

Altoona, November 1st.

Train ran off the track to-day. Worry not, I beg.
Shook me up a little, and lost the other *leg.*

Pittsburgh, December 1st.

Delayed again by accident; tramp unloosed a tie.
Damage inconsiderable—only lost an *eye.*

Canton, O., January 1st.

Ran into an open switch. Please don't worry, dear.
Pinned beneath a Pullman car; lost other arm and *ear.*

Mansfield, O., February 1st.

Ran into a freight to-day. Hurt, as you'll suppose.
Locomotive's on my chest—minus ear and *nose.*

Findlay, O., March 1st.

Engine just exploded; landed in a creek.
Dislocated liver pad and lacerated *cheek.*

Fort Wayne, April 1st.

Fierce head-on collision, got some record shocks.
What is now left of me is coming in a *box.*

Chicago, April 2d.

Home at last, thank heaven! just a trifle late.
Other sections of me are coming on by freight.

Cemetery, April 4th.

Now my journey's ended, and my worry ceases.
Rest in peace the headstone says—not in peace, but pieces.

CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS.

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AN OLD TALE.

There were rumors of graft in Hades.

"This road," declared one faction, "was to be paved with good intentions."

"Well?"

"Examine the material. Are these good intentions?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

EASILY SPARED.

"Le prince is rich, isn't he?"

"So-so."

"Well, he has been able to put something by since he has been on the Exchange, I suppose?"

"Yes; his scruples."—*Pele Mele.*

UNDER COMPULSION.

A bishop was staying with a friend in a country house. On Sunday morning, as he passed through the library, he found a small boy curled up in a big chair, deeply interested in a book.

"Are you going to church, Tom?" he asked.

"No, sir," he replied.

"Why, I am," said the bishop.

"Huh!" said the boy; "you've got to go. It's your job."—*Tit-Bits.*

HOW ABOUT IT, SENATOR SCOTT?

"You're a liar!" exclaimed the first man.

"You're another!" retorted number two.

"Calm yourselves, gentlemen," interposed the peacemaker. "It is quite possible that you are both right."—*Ex.*

STRENUOUS SIGHS.

Eleanor—"Do you remember when you passed us in the automobile? Well, two minutes after that Fred proposed."

Evelyn—"Yes; I heard the machine going 'chug-chug.'"

Eleanor—"The machine! Gracious! That was Fred sighing."—*Exchange.*

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Mrs. Wicks—"Mrs. Ringtoss says that her husband makes her a monthly allowance."

Mrs. Hicks—"Well, he ought to. She has to make daily allowances for him."—*Somerville Journal.*

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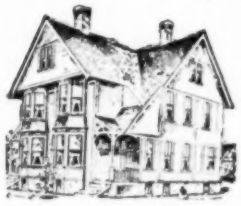
For  $1.00

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"Your dog just bit me!"

"Well, don't worry about him. You haven't the rabies, have you?"—*Ex.*

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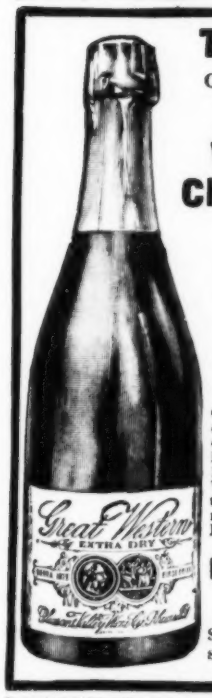

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PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,
Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.
Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

STILL GROWING.

A crippled peddler came hobbling to our door one day, and my aunt sympathetically inquired the cause of his lameness.

"You ain't Christian Science, mum, be ye?" he asked. "No, I s'pose not. It's jest my luck. Well, mebbe you know of two kind-hearted old ladies livin' together—you can't mistake 'em; one has a squint an' the other has a mole alongside her nose. No? Well, I'm not goin' to miss 'em for not askin'. I want to see them old ladies mighty bad."

It transpired from his artless ramblings that he had fallen when a child and injured his hip in such a way as to check the growth of his left leg.

"But," interrupted my aunt, "your left leg is"——

"Yes, mum; I'm a-comin' to that presently. A year ago I sold a paper of pins to two old ladies in Broomwich, as 'lowed that Mother Eddy's method would lengthen that leg. Seemed to me I'd heard of leg-pullin' in that connection, an' I jedged I might as well give it a try, so I told 'em to go ahead with their absent treatment. Mebbe you can guess how tickled I was when that short leg actually began to grow by the follerin' week. It kep' on growin' steady, and within six months I was again in Broomwich with two ekal legs an' a heart full of gratitude for them kind ladies. Well, they was gone. I never had no chanct to thank 'em. I didn't mind that so much, but in another month I seen my left leg was still a-growin'—didn't know enough to stop. I went to Broomwich in a hurry, an' tried to find out where they'd moved, but nobody knowed. Well, good day, mum; I'll be joggin' along, for I've got to find them old ladies and switch their treatment on the other leg. Needn't tell me there's nothin' in Christian Science!"—*Lippincott's.*

Remove the core from half a grape fruit, add teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters, and pulverized sugar to suit taste, and you have a delightful dish.

THE FUSSY BACHELOR.

"Yes," said the proud mother, "we are going to name the baby Theodore, but we feel confident he will make a name for himself before he is twenty-five."

"He'll be lucky," growled the fussy old bachelor, "if he doesn't have two or three aliases by that time."—*Chicago News.*

YES, BUT

"Is it true, doctor," asked the summer girl, "that eating cucumbers will remove freckles?"

"Of course," replied Dr. Kidder, "under certain circumstances."

"Really! What circumstances?"

"Well, provided the freckles are on the cucumbers."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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"IT SAVES A BUSINESS DAY"

the famous eighteen hour train that makes its run between New York and Chicago in a night departs from and arrives at Grand Central Station.

Leave New York 3:30 P. M. | Leave Chicago 2:30 P. M.
Arrive Chicago 8:30 A. M. | Arrive New York 9:30 A. M.

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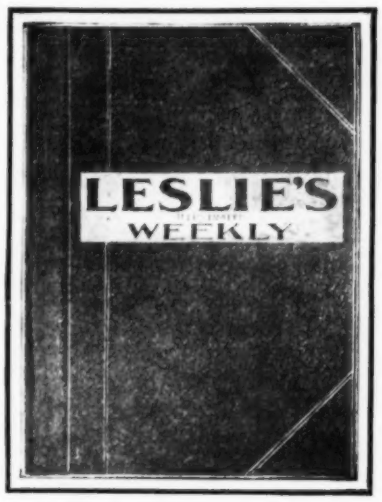

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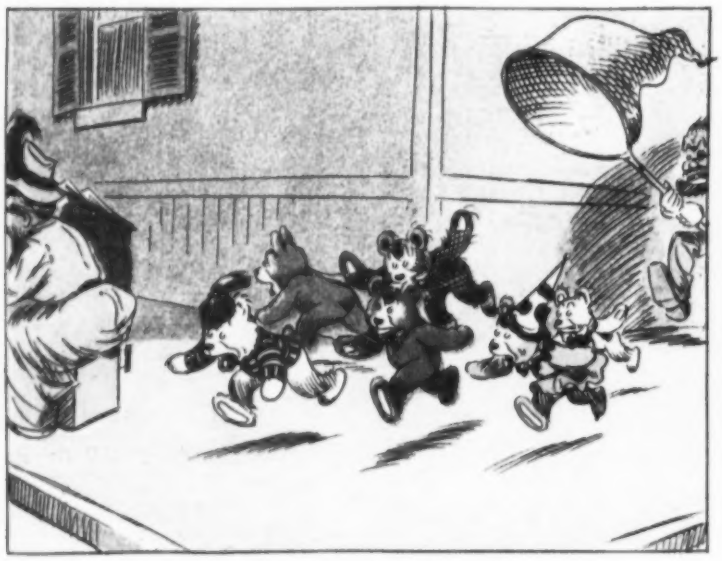
Judge

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

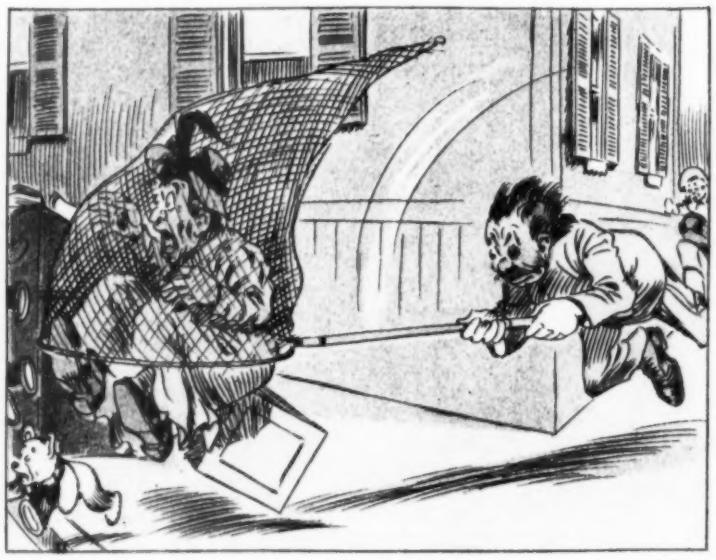
THE CATCHER THINKS THAT WAND'RING TEDS SHOULD EACH HAVE MUZZLES ON THEIR HEADS.

1. This is the time when days are hot,
And poor, perspiring dogs are shot.
The Teds, alarmed and somewhat puzzled,
Are chased because they are not muzzled.

2. Across the street they wildly scoot,
A catcher-man in hot pursuit.
Armed with a net to catch his prey,
He heeds not what is in his way.

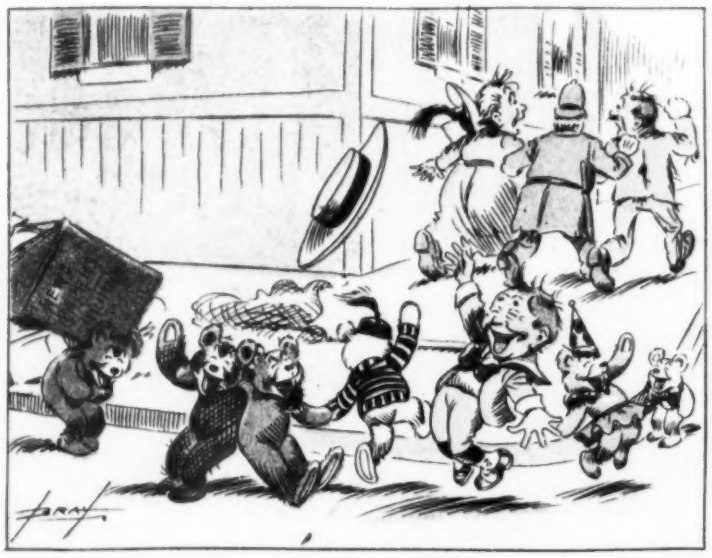


3. He cares not where the blind man lands;
The Teds are almost in his hands.
He casts his net with evil zeal,
But lo! with a despairing squeal,



4. The Teddies dodge. The net falls down
And lands upon a woman's crown.
She screams with fear, then turns in rage
To see who put her in that cage.

5. She grabs the catcher in her ire
And threatens him with vengeance dire,
While a policeman slow draws near,
Good-natured, loath to interfere.



6. John also comes and, with the bears,
Proceeds to chant triumphal airs;
While the policeman thinks it best
To cause their enemy's arrest.

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